

THE RICHMOND TERMINAL WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1903, AND IS THE LEGAL COUNTY AND CITY NEWSPAPER. RICHMOND'S NEWS SUMMARIZED.

The Terminal is the  
oldest newspaper in  
Richmond and has  
the confidence and  
support of pioneers

# RICHMOND TERMINAL

The Terminal boosts  
and advertises Rich-  
mond, directly in-  
creasing your prop-  
erty values.

VOL. XI

RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1914

NO. 47

## WORLDS OF GOOD WATER FOR CITY OF RICHMOND

It looks like the alleged "water famine" in Richmond would be one of those scares that exist in imagination only, from the preparations the Peoples Water Company is making in corralling the watersheds in the vicinity of Richmond and Berkeley. It will not be necessary for Richmond to support a water commission if the Peoples company are going to increase the supply, as the following would indicate:

"Recently Wickham Havens and his wife deeded 1352.63 acres to the Peoples company and Tuesday Pablo Miller and his wife of the San Pablo rancho deeded portions of San Pablo and Bear creeks to the company. The company is said to be using portions of its recent big bond issue toward this end, and other transactions are expected daily. In the deed given by Havens all of lot 201, comprising 355.25 acres, and all of lot 137, comprising 972.38 acres, are recorded. The fifty-acre Alvarado homestead, the Brisas ranch and El Sobrante ranch are excluded from the deed."

With the above watersheds the Peoples claim that the East Bay cities will have an adequate supply, and that the Hetch Hetchy will come in time to allay all fears as to the future requirements of all the bay cities.

## SAILORS GIVE UP THEIR LIVES TO SAVE CRUISER FROM MINE

London.—A dispatch from Per-  
grada says:

"The correspondents of Finnish newspapers report the heroic sacrifice of the crew of a Russian picket boat in order to save a Russian cruiser which was unwittingly approaching a mine in the Gulf of Finland.

"Realizing that it was too late to signal the danger, the boat deliberately rushed at the mine at full speed. A terrific explosion followed, and six out of the crew of seven perished. The survivor, who was severely wounded, has been awarded the decoration of St. George."

## GAINS SHORTEST LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST

St. Paul, Minn.—The purchase of the Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad in Montana and Idaho, which will give the Northern Pacific Railway the shortest line from the twin cities to the Pacific Coast, was announced by President J. M. Hannaford. The road was built a short time ago at a cost of more than \$15,000,000. The Northern Pacific will not own the entire capital stock, but enough to control it.

Tokio.—It was admitted that Japanese casualties in the fighting with the Germans at Kiau Chau exceeded 1,500.

## CONDUCTORS HOLD ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The members of the local order of Railway Conductors held their regular meeting in Pythian hall on Sunday evening at which time the new officers were chosen for the ensuing year.

The new heads elected were:

A. T. Davis, chief conductor; B. H. Stoddard, assistant chief conductor;

M. J. Gordon, secretary and treasurer; E. M. Bowyer, senior conductor;

E. P. Condrey, junior conductor; D. R. Bronx, inside sentinel; J. K. Rogers, outside sentinel; R. L. Parker, E. P. Condrey and C. G. Copeland, trustees; A. T. Davis, W. E. Ochsner and W. E. Jeffries, membership committee and R. L. Parker, local chairman of adjustment.

## RESERVE BANK MAKES MONEY PANIC UNLIKELY

San Francisco.—The Federal Reserve Bank of the San Francisco district opened Monday on the order of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Temporary quarters were secured at 25 New Montgomery street, being the rear of the banking rooms of the Merchants' National Bank.

A force of ten clerks, for the most part borrowed from the city banks, are at work, under Archibald C. Kain, formerly examiner for the San Francisco Clearing-house Association.

The functions of the new in-  
stitution will be:

Accepting deposits of reserves from member banks.

Discounting bills of exchange and commercial paper.

Acceptance of deposit checks drawn by member banks on any reserve bank or member bank within the district.

Issuing emergency currency.

Other powers may be called into play as the establishment of safe and efficient organization permits.

A shipment of gold was received from one of the banks in the State, which got its reserve deposited even before the new institution was opened, and while the carpenters and mechanics were still at work putting in partitions and equipment in the new quarters. About \$10,000,000 is expected to arrive during the week.

## Belgians Again Open Sluices

Paris.—An entire regiment of Germans was drowned by a sudden re-opening of the sluices in northwestern Belgium. The Allies decided to flood the country again, it was explained, because a recession of the waters enabled the Kaiser's forces to resume their offensive against Dixmude last week. By the latest inundation, German operations in that district were declared to have been effectively stopped again.

Vermont's first marble quarry, opened about 1795, still is being profitably operated.

## RICHMOND NEWS CONDENSED FOR THE TERMINAL READERS

The Elks' big show next Monday and Tuesday will be the attraction of the week.

The Richmond redlight district, so-called, seems to be in the "limelight," according to "the papers."

Michael Oeslaeger is moving back to San Pablo today. "Mike" is one of the popular barbers of Richmond.

On recommendation of the fire chief, the city will take immediate steps to have No. 2 fire house properly heated.

Chief Le Moine says that incubator is not a "chicken" hatching machine, as has been intimated by some of the practical jokers.

The Mendelsohn club was entertained yesterday by Mrs. G. W. Topping. A Thanksgiving program was rendered.

Bids for the Herman addition sewer system will be opened November 30. It is estimated that this improvement will cost about \$30,000.

The tax levy this year for the city of Richmond is \$1.10, State and county, \$1.70. A little higher this year on account of special levies.

Swan, the sign painter, is an artist in his profession. He is doing some neat work for the Richmond Terminal newspaper and printing establishment.

The realty men are in Oakland attending the state federation, which is in session in that city. W. J. Lane is representing the federation members of Richmond.

There are three new factories coming to Richmond, and the details will be made known in the near future. There is no getting away from the fact that Richmond has them all beat when it comes to offering inducements for factory sites. And the factories are here, and still more coming.

The Annexed District Club held an interesting meeting in Fullerton Wednesday night. The right kind of improvements are being advocated by the club, and Fullerton and the east side of town is looking better every day. The new schools and churches proposed will add much, and bring the homesex.

Emerson, the self-convicted dynamite dealer and planter, was taken to Stockton to serve as a witness in the prosecution of his colleagues in the dynamite cases. The trial is set for today.

Petaluma will again invade Richmond Sunday, and if they do to the Richmond bunch what they did on their recent visit, there will be nothing to it. Petaluma has a strong baseball aggregation.

The bazaar at 323 Macdonald avenue by the ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic is for a worthy cause. It is for the benefit of widows of him "nervous prostration."

## BERLIN REPORTS IMPORTANT VICTORY IN EAST WAR ZONE

Berlin (By Wireless via Sayville)—Victories so important that the public nearly forgot the situation in the western war zone were announced here by the war office Wednesday morning over the Russians on the eastern frontier.

Whether or not the Slav advance had been definitely checked was not known certainly, but there was no question that the confusion into which the Czar's forces had been thrown and the positions they had been compelled to accept had enormously increased their difficulties. The German situation, on the contrary, was all that could be desired strategically.

In the most important of the eastern engagements, the Russians, pushing toward the frontier, had been driven back until the Vistula divided the opposing armies. From the vicinity of Soldau they had been hurled back upon the town of Plock, in Russian Poland. The army defeated by General von Hindenburg on the east Prussian frontier had retreated to Kuto.

The Czar's losses in the latest encounters were said at least to exceed a full army corps, prisoners being included.

## RUSSIANS CLAIM TO HOLD EAST PRUSSIA ROADS KEY

Petrograd.—The five armies the Czar has thrown into the field against the Teutons advanced steadily.

By the occupation of Johannisburg the Russians now hold the key to the railroads along the east Prussian frontier, from Stalluponen through Lyck, with Johannisburg itself as their southern terminal.

In its advance on Breslau the Slav cavalry had reached Kalisz, the last Russian town to be passed before crossing the Polish frontier.

Three sides of Przemysl have been encircled by the Russian iron ring.

## SANK A GERMAN SUBMARINE



One of the English heroes of the war is Albert Dougherty, chief gunner of the cruiser Cressey, who fired the shot that sent a German submarine to the bottom of the North sea after three British cruisers had been sunk by the foe.

## THOUSANDS SLAIN IN BELGIUM'S FUTILE FIGHT

### More Than a Month of Terrific Slaughter on Same Line

London.—The battle of Flanders, which was brought about by the German attempt to advance to Dunkirk Wednesday night. The right kind of improvements are being advocated by the club, and Fullerton and the east side of town is looking better every day. The new schools and churches proposed will add much, and bring the homesex.

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The charge of battery preferred by W. E. Walker against Charles Brown, the local contractor, will be tried in Judge Huber's court at Rust next Tuesday at 10 a.m.

There was a big bunch of prospective property buyers in Richmond this week, and especially last Sunday, which was an ideal day for those who took advantage of the weather.

Emerson, the self-convicted dynamite dealer and planter, was taken to Stockton to serve as a witness in the prosecution of his colleagues in the dynamite cases. The trial is set for today.

Conductor S. C. Carr, who had his pocket picked of a sack of coin while he was collecting fares, says that the news chasers all want to take another guess, and then revise their stories.

Carr says he was "touched" for a small sack of coin which he carried in his side coat pocket, but the write-ups of the affair have almost given him "nervous prostration."

## AUSTRIANS CLAIM TO HOLD 80,000 PRISONERS OF WAR

London.—A telegram from Vienna states that 731 officers and 79,314 men are prisoners of war in the Austrian concentration camps, says an Amsterdam dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Company.

"The enemy's wounded are being treated like our own soldiers," the telegram says, "while the officers who are prisoners are interned in castles and in great private houses, and the captured men in great barracks."

## AUSTRIAN REPORT

Berlin.—News reaching Berlin from Vienna of the Russian operations in the northeast are developing without hindrance from the enemy.

The Russians have advanced through the region of Central Galicia, voluntarily evacuated by the Austrians, and have crossed the lower Vistula, occupying Pleszow and the Lisko district.

The fortress of Przemysl again is

invested by the Russians, but Russian forces in the Stry Valley were forced to retreat with heavy losses by a surprise attack from an Austrian armored train and Austrian cavalry.

## BLUE BELL CLUB DANCE STATE ASSOCIATION WAS DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR

The dance given last Saturday night under the auspices of the Blue Bell Club was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable parties of the season. The decorations, music and floor were appreciated by the throng of dancers and visitors. And this was not all—the entertainment features of the evening were taken care of by thoughtful committees who performed their assignments in a professional manner. Much credit is due Miss Ida Clouse, whose managerial ability assisted in no small manner in making the club's dancing party a success.

The men in the trenches, as the artillery and rifle fire, to which they have been subjected with hardly any intermission, has been replaced by one of those severe storms which so often accompany November in this latitude.

In some parts of England the storm has reached the proportions of a blizzard; on the sea a heavy gale rages and the battlefields are getting their full share of wind and rain.

For the most part the opposing armies have been content to shell each other at long range, but the Germans have made several attacks around Ypres, which, according to the French general staff, have been repulsed with heavy losses. Despite these losses it is not believed that the Germans have any intention of giving up their attempt to reach the French coast, and the allies are making elaborate preparations to block any further advance in force.

## DEFENSE WORKS ERECTED ALONG YSER CANAL

Extensive defense works have been erected along the Yser canal, and the French armies are holding that line from the Belgian border south to the River Oise and pushing forward approach works which place them in a better position for either defense or offense.

## DARING EXPLOIT OF GERMAN SUBMARINE JARS LONDON

London.—England was startled at the torpedoing by a German submarine of the British gunboat Niger less than a mile off the port of Deal and only a mile from the great naval base of Dover.

Something like 100 vessels were anchored in the Downs in the Niger's vicinity and the gunboat was sunk in full view of crowds of people on shore. The explosion when the vessel was struck brought thousands with a rush to the pier whence they first saw a thick puff of smoke arise from the stricken craft and watched the boat list heavily, settle down by the bow with its stern rising higher and higher above the water, until, 20 minutes after the torpedo was fired, it disappeared beneath the waves.

Galleys had put out from shore in the meantime, and the members of the Niger's crew were rescued with the exception of three, who were still missing today and undoubtedly perished.

Berkeley.—With five points scored after the pistol had marked the close of the second half, Stanford Saturday completed a 26-to-8 score over her California rivals at rugby.

## THANKSGIVING SPECIALS

marked down to a price that makes it worth your while to shop at the home of

## CREDIT

Think of buying now, this early in the season, the newest and noblest

## SUITS

AT A SPECIAL PRICE OF \$23.75

For regular \$27.50 and \$30 values

## Closing Out All Millinery at Half Price

## Coats-Special

\$7.50, \$10, \$12, \$15

The very latest modes and material

## SILK DRESSES WOOLEN

At \$10, \$12.50 and up

## EASTERN OUTFITTING COMPANY

581 Fourteenth St., Corner Jefferson

**H.C. Capwell Co.**  
THE LACE HOUSE  
OAKLAND.

Formerly Priced as High as Fifty Dollars

### A MOST IMPORTANT RE-PRICING OF SUITS FROM OUR REGULAR STOCK

It is seldom at this stage of the season that a woman is privileged to enjoy an opportunity of this character. The reductions are so liberal, the selections so good, and the variety so great that they cannot be equalled except at regular prices. A few out of the large number are not this season's but they are good in style and because of the great excellence of the material are wonderful bargains. The many varied styles of this season have large representation in both the long and short coats. The choice of fabrics broadcloth, gabardine, wool faille, serges, broadcloth and the range of colors includes, in addition to black, the most favored tailored shades at this writing.

In its advance on Breslau the Slav cavalry had reached Kalisz, the last Russian town to be passed before crossing the Polish frontier.

Three sides of Przemysl have been encircled by the Russian iron ring.

## MAKING OF BILLY

Concerning a Battle of the Strong on a Field of Glory and Shame.

By VINGIE E. ROE.

He was an odd little scrap of humanity.

In his hazy childhood, somewhere on a farm, he had been an enigma to those who knew him.

He was slight and small, and had a shock of soft, light hair that curled. It was that hair that gave him such an air of innocence—that and a pair of eyes whose expression was one of wistful wonder.

Then, too, he had a sensitive, whimsical mouth, and with this combination he was destined to mislead certain of those who were over-trustful. While he was a little shaver he had shrouded the environment of the farm and taken up his abode in the great city. It was born in him, and those who had raised him from the precarious start of an orphan asylum, realizing it sadly, for Billy's eyes had won their love, let him go.

He never went back, and he never heard from the old folks, except once when he was twenty, and the papers advertised for him, with the information that the old man's will had left him \$500. Billy had read that, and his baby-soft eyes had filled with impulsive tears. He wished for a moment that he had stayed with them—then he had forgotten him in all these years.

The impulse was only momentary, but somehow he had never wanted to touch that money. It was something outside of his life—clean, standing for something that he remembered, a long way off. It was placed on interest in the bank of the little village, so the papers said, awaiting the sometime coming of the owner.

So he went about his life.

He knew many tricks that were worth money to a certain type; his education had come to him through many a varied channel, and the ways of the world were good to him. He left Chicago and went West.

He had heard of the wonderful opportunities of the frontier, and he decided that there was the place for his display of his talents, varied and select. He drifted happily into that great region of strenuous living and quick results and kept his health, for he lacked neither defensive ability nor a very quiet courage.

He had proved that before long one night at Granger City. He was sitting at a table alone, playing solitaire in Black Pete's saloon, when a big man in a blue shirt and chaps strode in. He swung up to the bar and demanded drinks for everybody, and everybody in the house rose to him, except Billy, who always wished afterward that he, too, had risen, for out of the very fact of his sitting still came that which followed.

Billy, though he knew lots, didn't know the etiquette of a frontier town. So he went on with his game of solitaire—that is, until a prolonged and painful silence warned him to look up.

The bully of the three counties invited him, as the scum of the earth, to arise and partake, or be converted into a slave. Whereat Billy's yellow-gray eyes flashed, and he made a quiet remark.

He never knew how it happened, only after the rattle of shots he found himself with his smoking gun in his hand, and the spectators were crawling out to look at a huddled heap by the bar.

Billy calmly took out his knife and made a little notch on the gun-butt. It was good for effect, but he went out with the biggest ache in his heart that he had ever known.

Then he drifted to Granite, and it was there that he conceived his scheme. It came to him suddenly, but he was on the lookout for inspiration.

It had to do with the United States mail-stage which rattled into Granite every day at five, or thereabouts, from up at Eagle Pass. Billy noticed the strong box beneath the seat of the driver which was so carefully deposited in the Granite Citizens' bank—the box that came from the mining town above.

Inside of a month Billy was a full-fledged stage-driver from Gulch City, up among the mountains, to Dead Horse, down the plains, duly bonded to the government, and carrying gold enough each trip to tempt a saint.

About the middle of the second month came the day when his dreams were to end—and begin—in earnest.

There was a good beginning, for in the first place there were no passengers on the down trip. Billy thanked fate for that. Then, as soon as he swung into White Cap cut out of Gulch City, he reached down and hefted the box. His yellow eyes narrowed, for it was dead heavy.

Down at a point he knew about the good horse waited, and his life in the West would soon be a thing of the past. Through the San Jacinto valley, across the border of Mexico, down through the country to some city on the coast where one might get shipping, and then out into the mysterious chances of the world. Perhaps Spain first—he had always been thrilled with the old tales of Spain, of hot-blooded, courageous men and dark-eyed women, with lips like ripe fruit. Billy was drowning, indeed, the lines lying lax between his fingers, the four horses swinging along in regular rhythm.

"Halt!"

It was the word spoken upon every stage line every few weeks among the mountains.

Billy jerked up his reins, and caught his rider with the other hand.

Ahead in the road stood a man, covering him with a gun. He had not even taken the trouble to mask his face. At the right, a little higher up, another man waited, and on ahead in the road a third sat on horseback. It was a formidable layout. Billy saw that instantly. If one didn't get him the others would.

For a breathless second his quick brain turned the situation on every side. His dreams scattered like wind-blown snow. There was not a ghost of a chance. He was as good as gone. He resisted. He started to lay down

the ribbons and his hands. And just then a very strange thing happened.

Across his mind came the terms of his pledge to the government.

According to the lines of his mouth Billy was a creature of whim. Now, he hesitated, and a flood of unaccustomed sensations passed over him. He was responsible for that box. He suddenly remembered what had not bothered him before, that he was invested with the majesty of the law. A feeling of responsibility fell upon him, novel in its strangeness, and quick as a thought he had taken his course. Dropping forward on the box he caught the lines between his knees, he leaped to the horses, and jerked his rifle to his shoulder. The leaders sprang forward.

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## HER REASON WAS SUFFICIENT

If We Talk About Our Neighbors They Will Turn Right Around and Talk About Us.

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska remarked at a recent dinner that it takes a kid to tell the real, beautiful truth, and handed out this story in substantiating the statement:

Some time ago a kindly hearted Sunday school teacher was expatiating on the importance of being sweet to your neighbors, and during the lesson she turned to question a little bright-faced girl.

"Gertrude," she gently said, "aren't we told to 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply of little Gertrude.

"Why is it," continued the teacher, "that we should be careful not to talk about our neighbors?"

"Because," answered the youngster like one who knows, "if we talk about our neighbors they will trot right out and talk about us."

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## COMFORTABLY BURIED.

"Another famous bon vivant has died a pauper."

"A good fellow while his money last ed?"

"That's right."

"Doubtless hundreds who enjoyed his hospitality during his palmy days gathered to mourn over his bier?"

"Well, no. But he fared better than most bon vivants who die under similar circumstances. A full complement of pallbearers was obtained without much difficulty."

## WOULDN'T BELIEVE THEM.



Jones—I wonder if Stockton

Bonds, the millionaire, reads all the stories they print about him.

B. Smith—No, but even if he did, you don't suppose he'd believe them do you?

What He Liked About It.

—He goes away a good deal during the summer, I hear.

—About—Oh, yes, he does.

—He just like to go away.

—No, he doesn't.

—Well, why does he go, then?

—Because it seems so good to get back home again."

Unlucky.

—Cynicus—I once knew a fellow who gave a girl an engagement ring of opals.

Sillicus—Gracious! Wasn't it unlucky?

Cynicus—You bet it was! She married him—Judge.

Some Progress.

Farmer Clapole—Has that city fellow who bought Stone's farm learnt any thin' yet?

Farmer Sands—Wall, he's learnt it don't go good ter try ter make apple butter in a churn.—Judge.

Not in the Running.

—Shall I announce that I am in the race for congress?

—Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to merely state that you are a candidate, my boy.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Converted.

American Tourist in London—This is fierce—what?

Another American Tourist in London—Is it? Hereafter I shall see America first.—Judge.

The Test.

Etel—Do you really believe the pen is mightier than the sword?

Jack—Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?—Livingston Lance.

The Careful Wife.

—Wife, I wish you'd buy me a couple of five-cent collar buttons. I need 'em badly."

—All right. Just as soon as some body has a sacrifice sale."

The Better Way.

—I'll send for the old man's money, he said softly to himself in the dusk, and start anew.

—Aww and clean.

—By Jingo! I'm an honest man.

(Copyright)

Expelling a Post.

Penman—A clip to hold a lead pencil upon a finger so a writer will not have to lay it down when he wishes to use his hand for some other purpose.

—He uses his foot.

Like the Rest of Us.

—Oh, I don't think that New England people are so excessively thrifty.

—What makes you say that?

—I was in Boston recently and they threw their burnt matches away—same as everybody else."

Somewhat Twisted.

—Now it is time for those Balkans over there to show the master hand in diplomacy."

—How can they when the papers say they're all Slave nations?"

The Vehicle.

—There is one great drawback about joy rides."

—What is that?

—Most of them are taken on the trouble wagon."

## MADE RECORD SPEED

Innette Kellerman Tells of Her Race With Death.

With Human Companion and Miscellaneous Collection of Fish She Shot Through Broken Wall of Their Glass Inclosure.

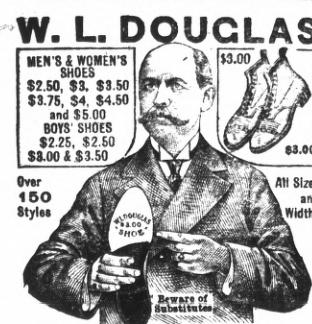
Annette Kellerman tells an interesting story of the accident that occurred in Bermuda when the production of "Neptune's Daughter" was being photographed. "I wouldn't go through that experience again for anything short of an absolute certainty that I would come out a perfect Sarah Bernhardt," Miss Kellerman says. "Herbert Brenon, the director, and I were in that enormous glass inclosure with an octopus, a baby shark, lobsters, and tropical fish. He took the part of one of my enemies in the play who tried to kill me, and we were struggling like mad in the water. The photographers outside were operating their machines at full speed. We would work under water, and then swim up and begin shooting lines. I remember coming up almost out of breath and shouting, 'Oh, Katherine is dead!' Then, in an aside, 'Mr. Brenon, one of those lobsters is sticking me in the back; do hurry.'

"Keep up your courage, we'll soon be through," he replied.

"The next moment there was a noise like the report of a cannon. The water pressure had torn a hole in one end of the tank, and we started in that direction at a mile a second. You must keep your feet, I thought to myself. I straightened up and dived forward, preceded by Mr. Brenon. He behaved like a hero. He shot through that awful, jagged opening first, carrying with him a shower of glass splinters. This saved me, of course. My instep was terribly injured, but he was cut in 100 places about the arms and legs. Behind us came the octopus and the whole tank.

"I was scared to death. I thought we would get breath enough to say anything was."

"The next moment there was a noise like the report of a cannon. The water pressure had torn a hole in one end of the tank, and we started in that direction at a mile a second. You must keep your feet, I thought to myself. I straightened up and dived forward, preceded by Mr. Brenon. He behaved like a hero. He shot through that awful, jagged opening first, carrying with him a shower of glass splinters. This saved me, of course. My instep was terribly injured, but he was cut in 100 places about the arms and legs. Behind us came the oct



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For 31 years W. L. Douglas has sold the value of his name and the retail price of his shoes. This protects the wearer against high prices of other makers. W. L. Douglas shoes are always well made and fit well. You can understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape longer.

If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your city, send us your address and we will send you a catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 308 State St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

#### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

##### PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS that protect are procured through PACIFIC COAST PATENT AGENCY, Inc., Saving and Loan Building, Stockton, California.

**SUGAR \$1.75 PER 100 LBS.** First-class White Granulated, Cash and C. O. D. Old-established firm. Send 25c for place to buy.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND, Box 266-B, Pasadena, Calif.

Woman Raises Rodents.

A correspondent of "Table Talk" tells of a Massachusetts woman who makes a good living as a breeder of rats, dancing mice and guinea pigs. The idea was first started by the purchase of a pair of the mice for her own amusement. They were very prolific, and while at first she gave away the young, when she found there was a good market for them she began to find more orders than she could fill.

With an invalid mother and in poor health herself, the necessity for earning a livelihood faced her and she decided to announce herself a breeder of fancy mice. After a while she was asked so often to supply rats and guinea pigs for medical laboratory use that she had to engage a housekeeper to run her home while she looked after her unique kennels. This woman, Miss Lathrop, now employs several men to run her farm to raise crops, the greater amount of which go to feed her rats, mice and guinea pigs.

**DON'T GET RUN DOWN,** Week and monthly trouble. Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and feel tired all over; get a package of MOLYBON, 100% Lead, and never fails. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail for 5c. Sample sent FREE. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N.Y. Ad.

The Man of the Hour.

See the censor. He censors all the time—morning, noon and night. When others are taking their much needed rest he keeps on censoring just the same.

War was becoming so well known that there was grave danger of its getting to be unpopular. When we have discovered all there is to know about a thing we generally lose interest in it. The censor was therefore called in to fan the mystery. He loves to keep everybody guessing.

Every censor has probably once been an editor. The main business of editors is to cut out everything interesting.

To be a first-class censor one must be able to keep a secret. There are no women censors.

Censors owe their existence to war. Will they die out or become obsolete? We cannot answer this question perfectly, but judging from present indications we have an idea that there will always be censors—Life.

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU** Eye Medicine for the Weak Eyes, Eye and Granulated Eyelets; No Smearing; just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Bad for Delicatessen.

The troubles of importers of canned goods, which have been many since the start of the European war, took a new turn when several of the big firms in this city received cable advices that consignments of French, Belgian and English goods had been confiscated by the military authorities for the immediate needs of the armies. One house representing the only factory in Belgium packing sardines received word that the entire production of the concern had been requisitioned by the Belgian government, while a consignment of Portuguese sardines transhipped via England has been taken over by the government there. German firms supplying local importers with food products have notified their connections here that they will be unable during the continuance of the war to fill orders they have on hand or contract for future deliveries. —New York Times.

#### To Arouse A Lazy Liver

special attention must be paid to the Stomach and Bowels for they have a direct influence on each other. You will find it a good plan to take

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

for a few days to help Nature restore these organs to strength and healthy activity

AVOID SUBSTITUTES



#### The DEAR TEACHER TALKS UPON THANKSGIVING by WILBUR D. NESBIT

he would have made his newest son-in-law do the hard work. Then everybody fell to, and ate all the good jelly and pie and pudding and cake and other stuff that Grandma Timmins had worked so hard over, while she tried to look as if her long hours of toil were amply repaid.

And after dinner the babies cried and two of the boys were whipped and the little girls tore their Sunday frocks playing tag behind the curio cabinet. They also broke some of grandpa's pet relics.

Then he broke his good resolution.

Later on they all went home. And good old Grandpa and Grandma Timmins sat down and looked at the wreath and looked at one another and said:

"Who?"

For the company had gone. And they were very thankful.

Good old Mrs. Timmins had been up since 4 o'clock that morning roasting the turkey and devising the pies and getting things in readiness.

The guests had arrived, and the hour or so that elapsed until dinner was spent by the older ones in talking of the weather.

The weather is a great topic of conversation. If it is a nice day or if it is not, it can be discussed. That, children, is where the weather has the bulge on people. If they are nice people, we may talk about them in polite society. If they are not, it is different.

Remember that.

The little Timmises and the other children and grandchildren and nephews and nieces were merrily whacking the hardwood floor with grandpa's cane, and rubbing their shoehuckles off against the upholstering of the chairs, and tearing the lace curtains, and otherwise disporting themselves in the merry, merry, innocent youth when it goes a visiting.

Grandpa Timmins was observed to fidget uneasily in his seat, but this had no effect upon the papas of the children. It was a relief to them to see someone else standing for the damage done.

Finally Grandpa Timmins said, sweetly:

"Here, children, bless your little hearts, in a box of matches. Take them and play with them, for the house is insured against fire, but not against you."

Wasn't that a sassy bump?

How many little boys or girls in the class would conduct themselves as these children did when visiting?

Of course, you say that now, but your teacher dear will not make bets on you.

Finally the dinner was announced, and good old Grandpa Timmins took his place at the head of the table to carve the turkey.

The turkey is a noble bird, children. He is worth about 40 cents a pound, dressed, but if you buy feathers, feet and all, the marketman will let you have the bird for 39 1/2 cents. If a turkey, with the feathers and feet on, weighs 10 pounds and 4 ounces, when will the hash appear for the last time? Write the answer on your slates.

Nature has so devised us that we cannot eat feathers with any degree of comfort or satisfaction. If we could, we would probably feel down in the mouth oftener than we do.

That is right. Always laugh when the teacher gets one. It will help with your grades.

Grandpa Timmins took up the carving knife and asked each of the little darlings what he or she would have. And each one of them—there were 16 at the table—said he or she would have the drumstick and a wing and the gizzard and plenty of stuffing.

Whereat Grandpa Timmins smiled a saccharine smile and politely inquired:

"Do you think your beloved grandparent has barbecued a cold-storage house?"

Then he attacked the turkey and the knife slid all over the surface of the fowl, for it was one of those leather-finshed birds that have seen better days, although the marketman was able to break its wings and tear the skin.

But marketmen are strong individuals.

Is there any little boy present who hopes to grow up to be a marketman?

Would you rather be a marketman or be president?

Nobly spoken, my fair child; always be strenuous.

At last Grandpa Timmins found the weak spot in the armor of the turkey and sliced off sufficient meat to help the guests. Then he said "Who!" and mopped his brow with his napkin. He was not a foxy grandpa or

such.

A Crisis At the Dinner. Mr. Gooch (to the guests)—Which do you prefer—dark or white meat?

Eight Guests (in chorus)—White. Mr. Gooch—Sorry, but our cook prefers the white meat. Can't you change your minds?

He Lost Twice.

Farmer Hoorn—Here, you black rascal, where you goin' with that turkey?

Mr. Darkleigh—Deed, Mistah Hoorn, I ain't goin' nowhere. I's payin' a 'lection bet, dat's all.

The Reason Thereof. Askit—Why does Thanksgiving always come on Thursday?

Tellit—So that the remnants of the turkey will not run into the Sunday menu.

SUCH A MISTAKE.

Boader—Ah, I see that you have killed that mosquito which was buzzing around last night.

Landlady—Mosquito? Sir! That is our Thanksgiving turkey.

A Preference. Turkey awful hard to get—Ruthie has a goose, 'Sides, day ain't so hard ter reach when dey on de roof.

THANKSGIVING FABLE.

There was once a proud fat turkey that looked down upon all the rest of the turkeys and was greatly disliked because of its arrogance and conceit.

And when Thanksgiving time came around, the owner of the turkeys came among them, ax in hand.

Whereupon all of the other turkeys were jealous of the proud fat turkey and said that at last it would get what was coming to it.

But the proud, fat turkey only strutted and gobbled with more arrogance than ever. And its owner said: "I guess I'll not kill that one. I'll send it to the turkey show and take a ribbon."

Which he did.

This teaches us that conceit sometimes helps, if there is any excuse for it.

Not a Mere Festival.

Thanksgiving Day, if it be properly observed, is the spirit of true Christian love, will be an inspiration to all. It is not a mere time of feasting. If that were all there would be no Thanksgiving in it. It is a religious feast. And now as of old men are asked to remember, when they have eaten and are full, who it is that gives them power to get wealth. A thankful heart and a humble and loving spirit are the graces which ought to be coveted by those who catch the true spirit of Thanksgiving Day.

A Pussy-Footer. "He's a hunter."

"An expert?"

"I should say so; he has hunted work for two years without finding any."

Live in Caves.

Southern Tunas boasts of a house town having a population of 5,000 people. They are troglodytes, whose fathers before them lived in similar caves.

Muckraker Cabinet. "There is some talk of abolishing the cabinet."

"What would take its place?"

"They might let each department be conducted by some magazine."

His Instrument.

"The executor is very energetic in carrying out the various provisions of the testator."

"He does seem to be working with a will."

Eligible.

"Do you belong to a corn club Rasberry?"

"I ought to. I have three."

#### THE MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING



Yes, it's hard labor to cook for 'em. Read up new things in the book, for 'em. Beat things an' stir 'em an' baste for 'em. Hurry an' hurry an' hate for 'em. Get all excited and 'het' for 'em. Sizzle an' sizzle an' sweat for 'em.

Still, when the job is all done for 'em, Eatin' the dinner's such fun for 'em. Why, I just love to be near 'em. Seein' how good things appear to 'em,

the People, are at last beginning to struggle each for other in the bigger, wider sense. And surely God will be glad when on the last Thursday of the Eleventh Month of one great coming Year, Voice shall arise from the Earth, crying, "Thanks to thee, God, in that our blindness is past, and we do altogether See!"

KEPT-GUARD OVER HIMSELF

Good Story of How Celebrated Boston Divine Got Cider for Thanksgiving Day.

The annual spectacle of a celebrated Boston divine doing sentry duty with a musket on his shoulder in front of his own residence on Thanksgiving morning—and all for the purpose of getting a drink of Thanksgiving cider—is worth recalling, even after a lapse of 13 years.

Dr. Mathew Byles, a Puritan clergyman, born in Boston in 1706, owed his fame to his wit and practical jokes as much as to his pulpit ability. In November, 1777, he was arrested as a Tory and sentenced to confinement in his own home. A military guard was stationed around the house with instructions not to permit Dr. Byles to leave home under any circumstances.

On Thanksgiving morning the staid old Puritans of the arrested minister's flock were surprised to see their pastor himself pacing up and down before his own front door with a musket on his shoulder. The regular sentry had disappeared and Dr. Byles was doing sentry duty in his stead.

"You see," Dr. Byles explained, "I begged the sentry to let me go out to procure some cider with which my family and I might celebrate Thanksgiving Day. He would not permit me to leave the house. So I proceeded to argue the point with him, and he has now gone to get the cider for me on condition that I should my musket and keep guard over myself during his absence."

After the Feast.

We'll gather round the festive board that's groaning with good cheer. For ol' Thanksgiving's only comes just one day in the year.

Don't bother 'bout propriety, but let the critters in.

To that spot assigned by nature till you just can't hold no more.

Just loosen up the buttons, and the neckwear get un-tied;

So's to give the good ol' turkey room to circulate inside.

Then slide into the rocker, or stretch out upon the mat,

An' that you ain't exploded, thank k'me Providence for that!

May Well Give Thanks.

Materially, despite the professional mourners, we have been blessed with abundance. The fruit of the field, the employment of labor, the reward of industry in every activity, has sufficed to maintain a national standard of life unequalled in the annals of the world.

"But then they weren't like us, those Pilgrim men and women. They had just come into a brand-new country, and they had to work hard and stick together and help each other, and naturally when they had a fine harvest and prospect of good food all winter there was a sort of oneness and mutuality to their gratitude that we can't find in our big, modern civilization.

They thought they were grateful to God, but really they were loving and thanking each other as much as anything. Of course we can't feel that way, because—well, because!

"I think for just a minute I'll be not my little self, but my big self—I'm going to be the People, the Protean overseer of whom we hear so much and think so little. Blindness is surely a curse. Yet, lol, of late years the veil of darkness has been streaked with light. I am beginning to see the wonder of it! True, I find myself a thing of shreds and tatters, but sight alone is needed to remedy that. Every day I am learning new things. There is much that I can hardly grasp as yet; I have been ignorant so long, and the lessons are vastly puzzling. But with what eagerness I grasp for new knowledge, and how I long to attempt such little new experiments! I am equalizing myself. In my blindness I have cast too much toil on some organs and too little on others. I am far from the ideal of an athlete; but like the original protoplasm, all forms are dormant within me. Yes, I, who was a blind beggar by the roadside, have been touched by a healing hand, and before I lie down to sleep I shall sit upon the Throne of the World!

"Here I subsist, rather breathless, into my own little, narrow, hard-shelled self. But exercise of that sort does one good. After all," declared Everywoman rather cheerfully, "under the grubbin' and petty struggle, each for each. We Men and Women,

Unfortunate Neglect.

A letter brought by the postman was thinner than the bulky ones which a struggling young author usually received, and he tore it open eagerly and read: "Your recent favor stating that you inclose manuscript of story, with stamps for return if not suitable, has been received. Your contribution is accepted." "At length!" exclaimed the young author, joyfully. But his heart seemed to stop in his

## THE TERMINAL

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.  
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Legal City and County Paper.

GEO. W. RYAN - Publisher and Editor

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exception to this rule.



The credit man can "pick them out  
NOW." He knows who pays—and who  
"never did and never will."

Richmond is going to have playgrounds, and Mayor Garrard is working on the natatorium project, which will be the great attraction for Richmond when completed.

Be thankful that you are alive and well. There are some who are in the trenches at the front who would like to change places with you at the turkey dinner next Thursday.

With all the Pacific coast states dry, excepting California, it may be that the world forces for prohibition are contemplating a concentrated move on the Golden State.

It is rumored that election boards are still counting in some of the back districts. It may be good business to continue these boards on full time, as another election will soon be here.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. The best way to observe this day, which is set aside for giving thanks, is to be practical—if you only have a sandwich, give your hungry pal half of it.

The state hygienic laboratory of the California state board of health has made a discovery. Typhoid germs have been found in sizzling hot cooked food. Pretty bad state of affairs.

semi-official returns give Johnson for governor 401,223 votes, Fredericks 272,012 and Curtin 115,803. Johnson's majority over Fredericks, 189,211. Johnson's plurality over Fredericks and Curtin, 74,388.

Southern California's political tail feathers are somewhat bedraggled and crestfallen. Their candidate for governor, Fredericks, will never come too. That was an awful punch Johnson gave him.

The voters of California have ratified the redlight abatement act. And San Francisco recalled the author of the act—Senator Edwin E. Grant. The people should now "call down" the irregularities of the recall.

One practical way to "land the landless man on the manless land" is for some of the philanthropists and theorists to provide credit for the ambitious and deserving so that they may have resources to develop small farms.

One Chicago newspaper will send a shipload of toys to the children of war-afflicted Europe. Another Chicago newspaper, not to be outdone, is going to send a ship to bring the "war orphans" to America. And Hearst is yet to be heard from.

Commissioner John Bermingham is going to give Contra Costa county some good advertising at the big fair. He is making elaborate preparations, and Jim Narbett is a good assistant. Keep your eye on Contra Costa county's products, and boost a good thing along. Tell them about it back home.

Gavin McNab in a recent public speech, said: "Public appropriation of land values created by population is a direct injury to the state of California. The problem of holding land for speculative purposes is one of the most important now before the people of California. The problem has been solved in several irrigation districts by removing assessments for irrigation purposes from improvements."

A great deal of the "manless land" of California will remain manless unless irrigation and reclamation projects are carried out and the lands reclaimed. This can be accomplished quickly by removing assessments for irrigation purposes from improvements. Of course, the land speculator is opposed to this. But the Turlock district, with its wonderful development and prosperity, is the result of this method of dealing with unused land.

Cast your eyes over the map and you will find that California is the only state in the Union between the two oceans where the Bull Moosers made any showing. It is a distinction not to be proud of, says the Los Angeles Times. And there is no state in the Union, it might be added, where the Republican party is handicapped by having to carry a man like Harrison Gray Otis, like it is in California—Pittsburg Post.

Doubtless the method adopted by Mr. Phelan will be more largely employed in the future. All appeals must now be made directly to the people. The state is too large for any candidate to hope to appear before more than a small fraction of the people. Billboard and telegraph-pole advertising do not make an effective appeal in behalf of a candidate. There is no advertising medium equal to the

newspaper for dignity and effectiveness, nor in any degree as inexpensive when measured by results—Stockton Record.

The drift of public opinion is acknowledged by the statesmen who can read the cards correctly in forecasting coming events. The Terminal's correspondents from many of the eastern and middle states, who are in touch with the public pulse, agree that President Wilson is more popular than his party. The Democratic party is singularly fortunate in having a standard bearer whose popularity has increased with service. But no party can continue a man in office with the powerful influences of the financial world against him. President Wilson is not in harmony with the big financiers, therefore an extension of his program will be cut short.

Richmond's water commission now wants to secure the endorsement of the merchants and business men of Richmond in regard to the proposed water supply for Richmond. If this is the final decision of the water commission after being turned down twice by the taxpayers who comprise all the people, including the business men, why not dissolve the commission? It has evidently served its purpose, if it ever had one except to draw down fat salaries and extravagantly expend the people's exchequer. The people want good quality of water and plenty of it, with politics eliminated.

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Panama.—Governor Goethals has signed an order which practically makes the canal a total abstinence waterway. Pilots taking ships through the canal and all masters of tugs, mates and others employed in navigation of the waterway are forbidden to take even one drink.

Fall River Mills.—Because the McCloud River Railroad Company refuses to carry the mails from McCloud to Bartle during the winter, when the road is difficult to keep open on account of the heavy fall of snow, Fall River Mills and the country roundabout will have to get mail by way of stages running from Redding.

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Chicago.—Buyers for the French government opened negotiations here for the purchase of 48,000 pairs of red trousers of four different shades for the army. In addition contracts are to be made for wire markers to designate the regiment and company for 300,000 French soldiers.

Washington.—The Federal Reserve Board announced the designation of Charleston, S. C., and Birmingham, Ala., as reserve cities, and at the same time declared it to be the future policy to name no more reserve cities under 100,000 population.

Panama.—Governor Goethals has signed an order which practically makes the canal a total abstinence waterway.

Fall River Mills.—Because the McCloud River Railroad Company refuses to carry the mails from McCloud to Bartle during the winter, when the road is difficult to keep open on account of the heavy fall of snow, Fall River Mills and the country roundabout will have to get mail by way of stages running from Redding.

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The drift of public opinion is acknowledged by the statesmen who can read the cards correctly in forecasting coming events. The Terminal's correspondents from many of the eastern and middle states, who are in touch with the public pulse, agree that President Wilson is more popular than his party. The Democratic party is singularly fortunate in having a standard bearer whose popularity has increased with service. But no party can continue a man in office with the powerful influences of the financial world against him. President Wilson is not in harmony with the big financiers, therefore an extension of his program will be cut short.

Richmond's water commission now wants to secure the endorsement of the merchants and business men of Richmond in regard to the proposed water supply for Richmond. If this is the final decision of the water commission after being turned down twice by the taxpayers who comprise all the people, including the business men, why not dissolve the commission? It has evidently served its purpose, if it ever had one except to draw down fat salaries and extravagantly expend the people's exchequer. The people want good quality of water and plenty of it, with politics eliminated.

Martinez.—A theory that Ed Shea, the Crockett watchman who disappeared last night, may have been attacked and possibly killed by river pirates, has been evolved by Sheriff R. R. Yeale, working on the case.

San Francisco.—Joseph Lococo, who killed his employer, George Gray, who had refused to pay him wages he had earned, has started his battle for life. Nothing was done in court except the formal arraignment of Lococo on a charge of murder.

Bakersfield.—Ordinarily the United States is a large exporter of honey to Europe, but the war, having closed the channels of commerce, has

also shut off the market for this product, and local producers are contending with an overstocked market.

San Jose.—Santa Clara county carried off most of the prizes in the annual election of officers and the farmers went on record for a national convention in San Francisco next year at the annual session of the California Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union.

Bakersfield.—Bakersfield's new charter contains a provision making ice a public utility. It is announced that ice companies all over the State are planning to make a strong fight at Sacramento this winter to prevent the passage of the charter on the ground that this clause is unconstitutional.

Madison, Wis.—Uniformity in laws providing for workmen's safety was urged by Gov. Edward F. Dunne of Illinois before the governors' conference, in progress here.

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